

THE SECOND WIFE.

By Luke Sharp.



HE French have a habit of filling their railway carriages too full for comfort, and when my friend and myself reached the station in Paris to take the express for London, we found nearly every place occupied. Twice we

walked the length of the train, but without seeing a spot available for two. I asked one of the officials if they intended to put on another carriage, but he replied that there was room enough for all who wished to go. "Then," said I, "we shall be obliged to you if you find us two seats in the same compartment." The official shrugged his shoulders and said that we could easily find them if we looked for them. This was about as much satisfaction as one can get out of a French railway official, who doesn't know much, anyhow, and cares less.

Again we walked the length of the train and I noticed one compartment out of the door-window of which leaned a very stout elderly gentleman. The curtains on the two side windows were drawn, and we could not see whether there were vacant places there or not. My friend, who is a very suave and polite gentleman, said to the elderly man: "Will you excuse me a moment?" and he proceeded to open the door. "All the places here are taken," said the elderly individual, hurriedly. "That's just what I want to see," said my friend, and gently, firmly, but politely, he opened the door to the great danger of the old gentleman falling out. A lady of perhaps 25 sat in one corner seat; all the other places were vacant but piled with portmanteaux, valises and what not.

"Ah," said my friend, "there seems to be some vacant space here." "I tell you," replied the elderly gentleman, getting red in the face, "that all these places are taken. There is a party of us, and I'm looking for the others, who may arrive at any moment. You will miss your train if you wait here, for you will undoubtedly have to get out."

My friend glanced up at the big clock placed in the corner of the arch at the end of the huge station, and said: "The train leaves in two minutes, so it seems to me your party is cutting it a little close." "The party is all right," observed the old gentleman testily. "They know that I am reserving places for them, and they will be here in plenty of time." The lady in the corner smiled sweetly at my friend, and he with some reluctance closed the door, for there was nothing more to be said without calling

"TALKED IN A FRIENDLY WAY WITH HIM."

ing the old gentleman a liar, which we knew very well that he was. Once more we walked the whole length of the train.

"I wouldn't stand it," I said impatiently, for I always get angry when I see a man monopolizing a whole compartment except when I do it myself. "I should have gotten in and taken a place in the corner. He was evidently waiting for no party."

"Gently, gently," said my friend, "all in good time. I will leave them half a minute to come, and then we will quietly wander back to the old duffer's carriage and step in."

We did this, and my friend once more opened the door in spite of the protestations on the part of the occupant, who got redder and redder in the face as he saw the attempt to force the position.

"I tell you," he said, "that it's no good. My party will be here and then you will have to get out and you will miss your train."

"We have made up our minds to chance it," said my imperturbable friend, as he proceeded to remove the impediments from the two corner seats and, speaking with the utmost respect, he continued: "If your party arrives even while the train is moving out, we will jump off and hold the door open for them to enter. I don't much mind missing a train myself; I could do so with another day in Paris. It's a most charming city."

The old man grunted and the lady smiled across at us. It was quite evident that she was his second wife, and that the honeymoon was drawing to a close. It was also evident that the lady was just a little tired of the old gentleman, and welcomed an accession to the party, but the old man was mad clear through; anyone could see that. He muttered to himself that it was an outrage and ought not to be permitted, and would not be permitted in any civilized country. A man had a perfect right to a carriage taken for his friends; this was always recognized in England, and no gentleman, nor anyone calling himself a gentleman, would force his way into a compartment where he was not wanted.

young man, and the old gentleman kept on muttering, but not so loud that we could hear what he said.

A gong clanged, and the porters ran hither and thither shouting to the passengers to take their seats. My friend put his head out of the window and called to one of the railway men; a porter came to the window.

"I see, sir," said my friend to the old gentleman, "that your party is going to be left behind. Now if you will tell me which articles belong to them I will give them in charge of this porter, who will return the articles to them when they arrive."

"Will you leave that alone?" cried the old gentleman, rising and snatching the baggage.

"But, my dear sir," said my friend, protestingly, "you are surely not going to carry the other folks' luggage with you? Think of them left in Paris with none of the comforts of life."

"They will come by the next train," said the old gentleman, placing the portmanteau up in the rack again.

"They may have made up their minds to stay a week," said the young man.

The lady put the book she had been reading up to her face and laughed outright. Her husband looked at her with an expression of disgust on his highly colored face.

"It's no trouble to me at all," continued the young man, blandly, "to put out the luggage and give it in charge of a porter. It will be all right. I have seen it done a hundred times, and the train is just about to depart."

"Will you oblige me by attending to your own baggage?" exclaimed the old gentleman.

"Oh, certainly," said the young man, settling back in his place as the train moved slowly out of the station. There was a look of baffled benevolence on his face that was most touching.

"But, you see, I know what it is to be left without luggage and I merely wished to be of service to your party."

"Hang your service! I don't want any of it."

"No, probably not; but those that are left behind, sir, you should think of them; you should, indeed, sir; but then it must be a consolation for you to know that through your kindness two persons have obtained places in this train; many another man who had a party coming would have bundled us bodily out of the compartment."

"It is what should have been done," cried the old gentleman.

"Oh, don't say that, I beg of you," said the young man, looking inexpressibly hurt, but the old man was not to be drawn out any more. He took the English paper that he had paid three times the London price for, and began reading it. The young man, after several fruitless attempts to engage him in conversation and learn some of his opinions on the news of the day, noticed that the second wife was reading a book whose pages were much worn, so he took from his inside pocket a small ivory paper-knife that he always carried with him and sitting opposite her offered the use of it. She thanked him, and gratefully to the old gentleman's annoyance, talked in a friendly manner with him until we came to Calais; here the young man insisted upon shaking hands with both of them, and again mentioned his deep regret that the party had been left behind, but his expressions of sympathy were entirely thrown away, for the old gentleman took his second wife under his wing and ordering all the luggage to be taken on the boat, departed. The second wife looked over her shoulder and smiled at the young man who had helped to beguile a tedious railway journey.

Want Protection.

The Bavarian peasants, who have a horror of fire, address the following prayer to their favorite saint: "Oh, holy St. Florian! Protect this house-burn the others."

HYGIENIC HINTS.

The mission of a cold water bath is not to cleanse, but to harden and invigorate. Take a warm sponge bath at night, using alcohol in the water, then you are clean and ready for the invigorating cold one in the morning.

The following solution may be used with good effect on tonsillitis: Oil of peppermint, ten drops; pure carbolic acid, one dram; alcohol, three drams; use ten drops to a glass of hot water and gargle several times a day.

If the skin is kept clean and fresh and the diet is well regulated and laxative, the complexion will take care of itself. All the skin ointments in existence will not do as much toward beautifying the face as will a sufficient amount of fruit, such as grapes, berries, oranges and peaches.

The idea is apparently widely entertained that sidewalks and the floors of public conveyances and buildings are a sort of ever-ready cuspidor. The habit of ubiquitous expectoration—always disgusting unnecessary in health—becomes dangerous when practiced by consumptives. Sweeping trains catch a surprising amount of filth, and tubercle bacilli as well as other germs have been found in the skirts of ladies' dresses, whence they may be introduced into houses. How often do we see a consumptive shivering over a register and dropping the scourgings of the cavities of his lungs down the hot air pipe, to be dried and disseminated throughout the building? The expectoration should take place in a cup that can be readily disinfected, or into a water proof paper receptacle that can be burned.

The total amount of food needed for repair, for growth and for heating, physiology teaches us, is much less than is generally imagined, and it impresses us with the truth of that great surgeon, Abernethy's saying, that "one-fourth of what we eat keeps us, and the other three-fourths we keep at the peril of our lives." In winter we burn up the surplus food with a limited amount of extra exertion. In summer we get rid of it literally at some extra risk to health, and, of course, to life. We cannot burn it. Our vital furnaces are banked, and we worry the most important working organs with the extra exertion of removing what would better never have been taken into the stomach.—British Medical Journal.

MAZEPPA FOR 7 DAYS.

BYRON'S STRANGE POEM FINDS A REPETITION.

A Child Frightfully Tortured by Two Indian Friends in Washington—Bound to Her Pony's Back an Entire Week—Saved from Death by a Squaw.



POKANE, WASH., correspondence to New York Journal: The legend of Mazeppa has found a parallel in the San Poi country, this state. The victim, a twelve-year-old girl, tells a story of torture, the hideous details of which have set the state shuddering. Her assailants, two Indians, are in prison, and their lives were preserved only by the most determined bravery on the part of the officers who took them into custody. The penalty for their crime is death.

Little Mary Freelon is the child of James Freelon, a white man, and the grand-daughter of Ka-ma-tel-hah, the aged chief of the San Poi tribe of Indians. She lives in the San Poi Valley, near the mouth of the river of that name. While she was riding through a deep ravine some days ago, two Indians, Puck-el-petay and Chu-nu-wahset, sprang from the bushes that lined the trail, seized her pony's bridle and her gun and ordered her to dismount.

Screaming with terror, she struck the roughs with her whip, but they only laughed and dragged her from her pony. They bound her hands and feet and threw her across the back of her pony. This done they mounted their horses, and leading the pony bearing

the gasping and half-dead child, rode over steep mountains and through forests, unbroken save for faint trails.

During the day travels she was tied to her pony, her head hanging down one side, her feet the other. Five days passed in this way. At the end of that time the two fiends became aware they were being pursued, and strapping the girl lengthwise on the pony, drove the pony from them. For several miles they followed the animal bearing the child, urging it at full speed. They abandoned both and sought safety from the avengers they believed near at hand.

For two days the pony with its helpless burden wandered through forest and over mountain. Little Mary had previously refused the food her captors had offered her, so from sheer weakness she was in a half-comatose condition during her Mazeppa-like experience.

The second day after the child's abandonment by the two ruffians an Indian woman discovered the pony and its burden. Releasing the child from her fearful position, the woman carried her to her wigwam two miles distant, and after a long effort succeeded in restoring her to consciousness. At this wigwam, two days later, several members of the party that had started in pursuit of her captors found her. They took her to the home of her grandfather, the San Poi chief, where, despite starvation and the fearful tortures she had endured, health and strength slowly returned.

Mary's father is dead, and with her mother, she made her grandfather's home her own. When she failed to return home the day of her disappearance, her relatives inquired at Pokane, a neighboring mining camp. There they learned the two Indians who kidnapped her had been seen in the vicinity of the place where the child was known to have gone. William Nolan, an Indian interpreter and ex-United States marshal, organized a posse and started on the trail. Dividing into several groups, one of which discovered Mary, the members of the posse scoured the country thoroughly. William Nolan and his brother unexpectedly encountered the fugitives and, before they realized the fact, were gazing into the muzzles of the two Winchester rifles. They were forced to turn back by the desperadoes, who assured them they would never be captured alive.

Several days later, however, the fugitives were located at the mouth of Spo-

kane river at the hut of Chief Kalusku, and a large posse of Indians and officers surrounded them. In spite of their bold defiance a few days before, the ruffians surrendered without resistance. After the capture there was well nigh a battle between the officers and Indians to prevent the latter shooting the prisoners before they could be lodged in the jail at Wilber.

A surprising fact, so far as the prisoners are concerned, is the singular affection entertained by Puck-el-Petay, the more brutal of the two, for his brother. After being brought here he made a confession admitting his own guilt, but declaring that his brother is innocent. The chances are excellent, however, for a double execution in Washington before many months.

NEW VERSION OF THE PARABLE

Southern Preacher Rehearses the Adventures of the Prodigal Son.

From the Louisville Times: When Judge Sterling B. Toney was down South he went—no, rather, he says he went—to a service at a little country church. Here the preacher, a simple old countryman, arose to deliver a sermon on the subject of the prodigal son. "I am going to take this text, my brethren, because it is just as applicable now as it was in the old days gone by. Here to-day, as of yore, the prodigal, anxious to see the world and enjoy himself, goes to his old father, who has loved him for many, many years, and asks him that he be given his portion that he has been saving for many, many years. And the old father, who has loved him for many, many years, gives him his portion, and he goes away and spends it in riotous living. He has a 'dimemio's' at six' time of it, my brethren, and that prodigal was glad enough to eat with the swine he herded. Then the prodigal repents, as many of us are apt to do on an empty

stomach, and he went back to the old home, where he had lived for many, many years. And he saw the blue smoke curling out of the chimney, as it had done for many, many years, and his old father, who had loved him for many, many years, and he fell upon his father's shoulder and wept to be taken back to his heart. Then the father loved him again, as he had done for many, many years, and went out and killed the fatted calf that had been on the old farm for many, many years."

Here the judge was so convulsed at the probable toughness and antiquity of that calf that had been on the farm for many, many years, that he argued judiciously with himself whether, after all, the old man's forgiveness and method of showing it were as devoid of humor as we have always thought it.

The Trolley in Persia.

The first electric railroad in Persia will be built from Teheran to the summer resorts, about ten miles to the north of the city, where everybody lives during the hot season. The summer on the Persian plateau is very hot and dry, and it is only in the neighborhood of the mountains that Europeans can stand the great heat. Were it not for the resort they would have to leave Teheran for four months of the year. The new road is to be a trolley road, and a concession for ninety years has been granted to a German contractor, who will start the building of the road at once.

Foreign Fads.

Some ultra-fashionable women of Vienna recently appeared in public with the single eyeglass or monocle of the English pop screwed into their arched brows. An effort to introduce the idea in Paris was promptly frowned upon. Thus far none of the new women of New York have undertaken to follow an utterly senseless and wholly uninteresting fashion. But the single lorgnette has struck the metropolis and is the decorative fad of the hour.

A Nursery Rhyme.

The king has left his counting-house and wisely spent his money; The queen and he are bicycling, forgetting bread and honey; The maid has bought a wheel, too, and left her hanging clothes; 'Twould take a nimble blackbird now to nip off half her nose.

—Toledo Blade.

THERE WAS A TUSSELE.

But the Suspected Wildest Was Dead When the Combat Began.

On the crest of Clinch mountain, at 3 o'clock in the afternoon, I came to a settler's cabin and the settler sat on a log by the door, with the dead body of a wildcat at his feet, says the Detroit Free Press. He was a man over 50 years of age and his shirt hung in strings and tatters and his face was scratched and bleeding. On the doorstep, ten feet away, sat his wife, who was a woman of about 30 years of age. Her hair was hanging down her back, her dress was torn in three or four places and she was holding a rag to her husband's nose. Both bowed to me as I came up, but nothing was said to me in salutation.

"So you killed the wild cat?" I queried after a bit.

"Yes," replied the man as he gave the body a push with his foot.

"She's a pretty big one."

"Yes, pretty hefty."

"And she made a hard fight of it, I judge?"

"No. She was up a tree and I brung her down at last shot. No, she didn't make no fight 't all. Hadn't no time to make a fight."

"I thought from the looks of both of you that there had been an awful tussle."

"So thar' has, stranger—so thar' has," replied the old man as he drew a long breath, "but the cat was dead afore the tussle took place. I killed her about a mile away and I brung her home to skin her and sell the pelt fur whisky and tobacco."

"And I wanted to sell it for snuff and lasses," said the woman.

"I was sot," said the husband.

"Yes, I was sotter," added the wife. "And then the awful tussle took place and lasted an hour and hasn't been decided yet. We've just stopped fur



MARY FREELON

"THEY FOLLOWED, URGING THE ANIMAL ON AND ON."

breath, and if you want a drink of water thar's the gourd and back of the house thar's a spring; and you'd better git along and leave us to settle this yere fuss by ourselves."

I got a drink of water and returned the gourd to its peg and went on my way. When I had gone about forty rods I heard yells and whoops and realized that the conflict had been renewed, but it was not for me to return. It was clearly a family fight and though I felt somewhat elated as I noticed that the wife yelled twice where he whooped once and was probably getting the best of it.

GOLD MINING.

California produced gold to the value of \$13,923,281 during the last year. The governor of Arizona says that territory produced the last year \$10,000,000 in gold, against \$4,000,000 in 1894.

Colorado's gold production for the year 1895 was \$17,000,000. The number of men employed in the metalliferous mines of the state in 1895 was 22,876; the number at present employed, 26,329. The silver districts show a decided falling off, while the gold districts show a heavy gain.

Alaska's gold output for 1895 is estimated by G. H. Swinehart, editor of the Alaska Mining Record, Juneau, to be \$3,000,000. Of this amount \$800,000 has been obtained from placer mining, chiefly along the Yukon river. Mr. Swinehart says there are fifteen mills, with a total capacity of 500 stamps, in operation.

Cripple Creek will produce more gold in the next twenty years than any camp ever known, says an enthusiast. Leadville has produced over \$100,000,000 in the last seventeen years. When they have been mining seventeen years at Cripple Creek it is safe to say that camp will have produced over \$500,000,000.

America is holding her own as the leading gold nation. Last year we led South Africa. The latter mined \$39,555,836, while the United States mined \$39,775,000. For 1896 the prospects are great and Alaska is beginning to tell.

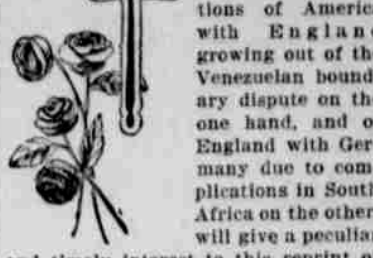
Roaming Willy: "I read in a medical book to-day that it was unhealthy for a fellow to sleep in his underclothes." Meandering Mike: "I'm mighty glad dese I'm wearin' don't belong ter me."

—Norristown Herald.

CURRENT READING.

NEWEST BOOKS FOUND ON SALE AT BOOK STORES.

"The Master Mosaic Workers," by George Sand—"The Battle of Dorking" of Current Interest—Art and Romance—Notes.



HE strained relations of America with England growing out of the Venezuelan boundary dispute on the one hand, and of England with Germany due to complications in South Africa on the other, will give a peculiar and timely interest to this reprint of "The Battle of Dorking." It was a famous tract twenty-five years ago, and made a profound sensation in England and America, both by reason of its bearing on current European events and politics, and from its remarkable blending of military knowledge and literary skill. It appeared originally in Blackwood's Magazine for May, 1871, and purported to be the recollections of events disastrous to England in 1875, narrated fifty years after by an eyewitness. That England heeded this "plain warning," which may almost be looked upon in the light of a prophecy, is evidenced by her majesty's recent naval display. Whether or not its lesson will be heeded elsewhere as well, remains to be seen. The Battle of Dorking would be possible to-day only on American soil.

An Art Romance.

"The Master Mosaic Workers," by George Sand; translated by Charlotte C. Johnson. (Cloth, \$1.25. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.) This book has been and will be read with much pleasure as the author tells us she found in the writing of it. It is a story of Venice, and the events are woven around the restoration of the mosaics in the cathedral of St. Mark, a task in which most of the characters were engaged. It is seldom that so many excellent character sketches are found in a single volume. The sterling qualities of the Zuccati Brothers and their affection for each other, the mingled pride, love and disdain of old Sebastiano Zuccati, the pictures of Titian and Tintoretto, the jealousy of Bianchini and Bozza are all depicted with exquisite delicacy or great force, as the occasion or subject demanded. The descriptions, apart from the characters, are also especially good. This applies particularly to the account of the celebration of the Feast of St. Mark.

A Literary Gem.

"Metaphors, Similies, and Other Characteristic Sayings of Henry Ward Beecher." Compiled from discourses reported by T. J. Ellingwood, with introduction by Homer H. Sprague, Ph. D. (New York: Andrew J. Graham & Co., 744 Broadway. Price, \$1.)

This is a new and attractive compilation of some of Mr. Beecher's brightest utterances, selected from his unpublished sermons.

The introduction by Dr. Homer H. Sprague contains an interesting analysis of Mr. Beecher's genius, and particularly of his imagination.

The book should be of special interest to every public speaker, and invaluable to preachers.

Teachers of rhetoric and all who are called upon to write good English may here find choice illustrations of how to do it.

The busy man or woman, who can give but a few minutes daily to reading will find it just the book to snatch up at odd moments; healthful and stimulating.

It abounds in wit, mirth, pathos, eloquence, sound sense, splendid imagery and lofty morality. There is not a dull sentence in its 217 pages.

Zola's Latest.

"The Fat and the Thin," Emile Zola, is a story of life in and around those vast central markets which form a distinctive feature of modern Paris. Even the reader who has never crossed the channel must have heard of the Parisian Halles, for much has been written about them, not only in English books on the French metropolis, but also in English newspapers, magazines and reviews; so that few I fancy, will commence the perusal of the present volume without having, at all events, some knowledge of its subject-matter. This work will be found one of the most original and happiest inventions of French genius. (Chicago: F. Tennyson Neely.)

Abridgement of Alison's History.

To meet the demand for Napoleonic literature, A. S. Barnes & Co. (New York) have brought out a one-volume student's edition of E. S. Gould's abridgement of Alison's great ten-volume "History of Europe from the French Revolution, 1789, to the Fall of Napoleon, 1815." This Mr. Alison called the Napoleonic era of Europe. Gould's abridgement, on the whole the best condensation of Alison's work, has been before the public for more than half a century, and has gone through many editions. The present edition is of fair print, good paper and binding, and price. (Cloth, 532 pages, \$2.)

Literary Notes.

Never is a dull line to be found in The Youth's Companion. Not satisfied with making its every issue the very best family paper, the publishers of The Companion are continually doing all that liberality and enterprise can suggest to make it better still.

Lewis Morris Iddings describes in sprightly vein in the February Scribner's the beauties of the Pike's Peak country, and a number of interesting illustrations give a fair idea of the pleasures of Colorado Springs. S. T. Prichard tells about design in book binding, giving some clever examples of the art. E. Benjamin Andrews discusses on the "Neo-republican Ascendancy" in the last quarter century. H. F. B. Lynch describes the ascent of Mount Ararat, and Frank Russell shows how the muskox is hunted. Other well-selected features make the number of special interest.

A SUMMER OUTING.

The Pleasures and Benefits to be Derived from the Mountains of Colorado.

The days are here, when one can make plans for his summer vacation and studies railway maps and where the most varied and beautiful scenery may be had for the least amount of money. The Rocky mountains are the most convenient and attractive opportunity for the enjoyment of all shades. Twenty-four hours of the most eastern dweller of the right in the heart of the great west, and he has enjoyed such a route, as wealthy tourists go across the Grand road, the Great Pacific Road, the world, takes you to Pueblo over, and whirled you through canyons and dales where there have been no dales the boulders into their great Royal Gorge displays the great genuity of its engineers, and the stately determination of its builders. The rails are placed in almost impenetrable places, along the edge of the great torrent, which out of the way is a room for the rock road bed and the rails. At certain points, the main line is supported by the great masonry piers, which are met and surmounted, and of hangers being made into the air, to support the bridge and track. The stream is still full of its power over man, and as the passes, not caring for the quakes that fall into it, if it can be supreme at this critical point, it canon is one of the grandest in the world, barely wide enough, in some places, to admit of the passage of the tracks, the granite walls of the cañons towering above and over all, giving a still more impressive lesson of the great force of Nature which has caused it all. The climate is long one, and after leaving you you think it is over and that you are upon a slight down grade, smiling valley, that you are now to slide down into the great San Juan Valley. Never were you more taken, and if you look you will see puffing little giants pulling the train for several hours yet. At length, ever, when you have begun to walk, there is a rapid stride down the canon slope, and into the beautiful valley. For more than fifty miles the track is as straight as an arrow, and train speeds along bringing you to Alamosa for breakfast, right under shadow of Blanco, the highest mountain in this country. All around smiling fields as far as the eye can reach, until vision is interrupted by the mountains which encircle the valley. Come one has said the West is the east and the Sangre de Cristo range on the east are a ring and that the mountains are the mountains of the every variety of amusement and excitement. There is fine trout fishing in season there are plenty of ducks, Sand Hill Cranes, Brants, Geese, Curlew. These are in the valley. Big game is desired you must go into the mountains, where are Elk, Mountain Sheep and Lions. Game are still to be found. Outfit at the pleasant little hamlets and up a month in these mountains and in the valley, if you want an outing. If you wish to meet the gay social party that makes the mountains their summer home, go to Colorado Springs, Manitou, or some other of the delightful spots on the line of the Denver & Grande road.

We know of no greater advantage than that may be gained by going away from the cares of business, daily duties of the routine of life. Here there is no routine but a continued change, of pleasure more profitable to a tired body than any other recreation, and any other recreation within reach. The Denver & Grande Company looks after the comfort of patrons with scrupulous care, and provides the best facilities for observation and enjoyment of the ride. If you never yet visited these precincts, decide now to do so this year, and get rest and health you have been looking for.

Found the Yarn Factory.

In the town of B., Connecticut, is a factory where yarn is made. A stranger approaching the town one day in a buggy, pulled up his horse and asked a farmer who was digging potatoes on the other side of the road, "Can you tell me where the yarn is made?" Inquired the stranger. "Certainly," was the reply. "Keep straight on till you come to the drinking fountain. Right opposite is wooden block with three doors. The middle door is one you want." "Thank you," said the stranger, and drove on. It was time he came to the fountain, he sought the middle door of the wooden block, and it led him upstairs to the office of the local newspaper. The other yarn factory, the one which was looking for, lay half a mile beyond.

Florida Facts.

February and March are the best months of the year to visit Florida. The climate is fine and the scenery is beautiful. You have made up your mind to go, naturally want to go there as soon as possible and in the most comfortable manner. No matter whether you go to St. Louis, Chicago, Peoria, Indianapolis, Columbus, Cleveland, Buffalo, New York or Boston, you can take one of the magnificent trains of the "Four Route" from any one of the cities to Cincinnati, and with only a change of cars continue your journey to Jacksonville. Direct connections are made in Central Union station, Cincinnati, with through trains of all lines Florida. Call on or address any agent of the "Big Four Route," or address O. McCormick, Passenger Traffic Manager, or D. B. Martin, General Passenger and Ticket Agent, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Unique Novelty for the Nursery.

An excellent invention for the mothers and nurses has been brought out in London in the shape of a bath with a hammock hung in it, on which the baby can comfortably rest while it is being washed. It is really a capital invention, as the child can lie at ease while it is being washed, without being disturbed by the water. The hammock will allow them to be thoroughly sponged without being disturbed.

As to Apples.

This year's commercial crop of apples in the United States is estimated at 66,000,000 barrels, an increase of ten per cent over last year's crop. The yield in England, Michigan and Canada is below that of 1894, but in Ohio, Indiana, Illinois and Missouri it is about three times as large as last year's crop.

Sin will banish men from the presence, but it cannot separate them from his love.